

*The Historie of*

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be handg. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, Ile starue e're Ile rob a foote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leaue these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is threescore and ten miles afoote with me: and the stonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot bee true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horse, you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd.

*Prince* Peace ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leavers to list me vp againe being downe? zbloud ile not beare mine owne flesh so farre afoote againe, for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prince* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Fals.* I prethee good prince *Hal*, helpe me to my horse, good kings sonne.

*Prince* Out you rogue, shal I be your Ofler

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to fithy tunes, let a cup of sacke be my poison: when ieast is so forward, and afoote too, I hate it,

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fals.* So I do against my will.

*Poynes* O tis our setter, I know his voyce: *Bardol* what newes?

*Bar:* Case yee, case yee, on with your vizardes, theres money of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the kings exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the kings Tauerne.

*Gad:* Theres enough to make vs all.

*Fals:* To behanged.

*Prince* You foure shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poynes and I will walke lower: if they scape from your encount-

*Henrie the*

ter, then they light on vs.

*Peto:* But how many be they?

*Gad:* Some eight, or ten.

*Fals:* Zounds, will they not m

*Prince* What a coward sir *John*

*Fals:* Indeede I am not *John* no coward, *Hal*.

*Prince* Well, weele leaue that

*Poynes* Sirra lacke, thy horse thou needst him, there thou sha

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike h

*Prince* Ned, where are our d

*Poynes* Here hard by, stand o

*Fals:* Now my maisters, ha man to his businesse.

*Trauel:* Come neighbor, the the hill, weele walke afoote a wh

*Theeues* Stand.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with th horeson caterpillers! Bacon-f downe with them, fleerce them.

*Trauel:* O, we are vndone,

*Fals:* Hang ye gorbellied kn chuffes, I would your store we knaues? young men must lue, weele iure yee yfaith.

*Here they rob them, and the Prince*

*Prince* The theeues haue b thou and I rob the theeues, and be argument for a weeke, laugh for euer.

*Poynes* Stand close, I heare

*Enter the thee*

*Fals:* Come my maisters, let day: and the Prince and Poyne theres no equitie stirring, there than in a wilde ducke.